

ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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SERIOUS NAVAL MUTINY AT PORTSMOUTH.

Specialy drawn from material supplied by correspondents at Portsmouth by E. P. KINSELLA.



Bluejackets preventing the mutinous stokers from leaving the barrack-yard. For full particulars, see page 294.

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FWS

A LADY ADMIRAL.



The Queen of Greece, whose most recent photograph this is, is devoted to the sea, and is never happier than when cruising about on her yacht. The Queen, who was born Grand-Duchess Olga Constantinovna, bears the distinction of being the only lady admiral in the world, having received this honour from the late Tsar. On account of her extreme Russian characteristics, she is probably the most unpopular lady in Greece at the present time.

KING EDWARD'S BIRTH- DAY PRESENTS. ("P.I.P." Special.)

King Edward looks forward each year to the anniversary of his birth with almost childish eagerness, for the morning of the 9th of November always has many surprises in store. On this day, and on the day before for that matter, the postal officials at Sandringham are kept unusually busy, and horses and vehicles are pressed into the service to replace the ordinary postman, who is unable to cope with the enormous parcel delivery. No man enjoys the keen pleasure of anticipating and receiving presents more than the King, and, when Lord Mayor's Day comes round, he is always up and dressed betimes, so that the first postal delivery never catches him napping. Most of the presents, and their name is legion, are brought into the library, and His Majesty unfastens the parcels with his own hands, while the Queen and her daughter—with the other members of the Royal Family who may be staying at Sandringham—through laughingly round. King Edward's boyish eagerness as he fumbles over difficult knots is responsible for a good deal of merriment, and was once provocative of a hearty laugh from the Duke of Connaught who was standing by. "Never mind," said His Majesty cheerily, "I thank goodness I am not one bit blasé." This confession illustrates one of the secrets of the King's popularity.

The Queen's Presents.

Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria have been busily engaged for some time past in making quite a number of useful articles for the

Particularly Interesting People.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

King's special use. For many years custom has made it an unwritten law in His Majesty's household that the King's birthday gifts from the Queen and her daughters shall be made by their own hands; consequently, for the most part, they generally represent some lighter portion of the King's wearing apparel. This pretty custom originated with Queen Victoria, who insisted that her daughters should create their presents rather

Alfonso, for the Queen of Spain has always been his favourite niece. Besides plate, the King receives jewellery and many other trinkets from personal friends, for his personal adornment. With these must be included charms and talismans, of which occult decoration he always is well supplied. Then there are large quantities of game, venison, and provisions, and one loyal nobleman, who possesses a herd of fine pedigree



Photo, Nuevo Mundo.

KING OF SPAIN'S ECCENTRIC TENNIS DRESS: Observe the braces and the extraordinarily long trousers.

than purchase them with the minimum of trouble. "Friends may give me what they choose," said His Majesty in adopting the same idea; "but I like my womenkind to give me the work of their own hands." This year the presents of the Queen and her daughter are likely to set a fashion, for they consist of several knitted waistcoats in various neutral colours. These in themselves are a marked contrast to the quite crude creations in recent vogue, and if fashion bows to the King's good taste, as it has often done before, then His Majesty will have earned the complete gratitude of the artistically minded. His Majesty is eagerly awaiting the valuable presents of Queen Victoria and King

cattle, has even gone so far as to send His Majesty a perfect specimen of a live bull. Presents, costly and rare, come in great profusion from the tributary princes of India; from the governors-general in far Australia; from the loyal hearts in Canada, and from almost all the reigning monarchs—a tribute to His Majesty's great and growing popularity. Presents are also received from the Presidents of the French and American Republics, by whom the King is held in great respect. In return, His Majesty keeps accurate account of the birthdays of his friends who, be assured, lose nothing by their courtesy, for the King is most punctilious in returning kindnesses.

THE KING'S STATUE UNVEILED AT KING'S LYNN.



Photo, Photo Press.

On Monday, His Majesty the King, accompanied by the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, opened the Grammar School at King's Lynn, and the Queen unveiled a statue of His Majesty.

FRANCE'S POPULAR MINISTER



M. Clemenceau, the French Minister of the Interior, called at the prison of St. Lazare and asked for some bread. The porter, who did not know the caller, burst out laughing, and said, "You can have some, but I don't think you'll like it." M. Clemenceau got his loaf and ate it, but with every evidence of dislike. He ordered samples of the flour used to be sent to the municipal laboratories, and French prisoners are looking forward to better bread in future.

King Haakon in the City.

When King Haakon and Queen Maud visit the City next Wednesday the London public will enjoy a full State pageant with the ample military display customary on such occasions. Their Majesties will be attended by Life Guards, and thousands of troops, with bands, will line the route, which is from Paddington to the City via Oxford Street and Holborn, and back via the Embankment. They will be way-laid at intervals by mayors, gorgeously arrayed, and burdened with illuminated addresses. At the Guildhall they will lunch with 800 notabilities, headed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess and Princess Patricia of Connaught, and the Duke of Fife. The sumptuous repast will require the provision of several hundred various dishes, 6,000 plates, 1,600 knives, 3,000 forks, and 2,500 glasses. After the banquet they will be presented with a casket, which is a triumph of the goldsmith's art.

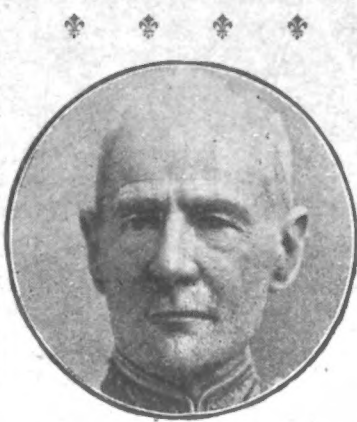
King Haakon's "Garter."

King Edward will invest King Haakon with the Order of the Garter during his stay at Windsor. This investment will bring the number of Companions of the Garter up to twenty-four. There are now fourteen monarchs who hold this honour, the greatest that King Edward can bestow. Most people associate the Garter with the pretty legend of its origin. A countess, dancing with the King of England, dropped her garter. His Majesty picked it up and tied it round his leg. Observing his Queen's jealous glances, he handed it back to the peeress with the words, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." That is the legend, but unfortunately it is groundless.

London's New Sheriffs.

Alderman Thomas Boor Crosby, M.D., and Mr. William Henry Dunn have been chosen by the City of London as Sheriffs for the ensuing mayoral year in place of Sir Vansittart Bowater and Alderman Sir George Smallman. Mr. Sheriff Crosby is a man of average height, whose grey-bearded, spectacled face suggests the medical man. He is a graduate of the University of St. Andrews, and has had fifty-four years' practice as a medical man. He first entered the Corporation in 1877 as Common Councilman for Langbourn Ward, and in 1898 was unanimously elected Alderman. Besides being a Past-Master of the Turners' Company, he is a magistrate and lieutenant of the City of London. His partner in office, Mr. Sheriff Dunn, who is, by the way, a Roman Catholic, is quite a civic new-comer, having only been a member of the Common Council since 1904, when he was elected for Bishopsgate Ward. Still, he is as patriotic as any of the long-service record-holders. He is plump and well-featured, and his good-humoured face is graced by an almost

IF OUR GENERALS WERE CLEAN-SHAVEN.



SMOOTH-FACED SOLDIERS: As several officers in the Irish Command are in the habit of shaving the upper lip, General Lord Grenfell has directed attention to the King's Regulations, which orders "that the chin and under lip are to be shaved, but not the upper lip." Our pictures, showing how Generals Roberts, Kitchener, and Baden-Powell would look without their moustaches, are arranged from photographs by Russell, Bassano, and Elliot and Fry.

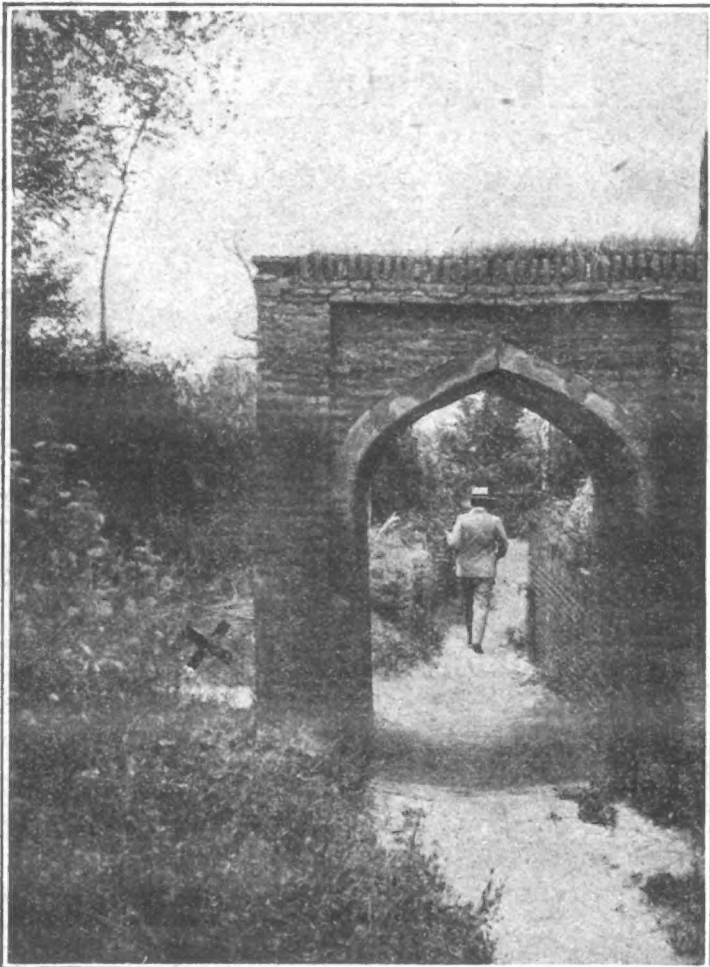
reception, being treated as heroines and martyrs for the "Cause."

The girl in the foreground, wearing eyeglasses, with laurel wreaths in her hands, is the unfortunate Mlle. Spiridonova, whose horrible tortures at the hands of the Russian police were fully reported in the English newspapers a few months ago.

Wily Monks.

The reason why backgammon boards are made to look like books dates back to the fifteenth century (says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*). The reigning Bishop of Sicily, in 1467, decided that the clergy devoted too much time to backgammon and chess, and therefore ordered that all the backgammon and chess boards in the Sicilian monasteries should be destroyed. The wily monks only pretended to obey. They bound their boards in calf, and put them on the bookshelves along with the monastic works. Thus arose the custom of constructing backgammon and chess boards to resemble volumes.

THE GARDEN OF DEATH.



Our photo shows Detective Cardozo walking in "The Garden of Death." (See accompanying paragraph.)

perpetual smile. His motto appears to be "laugh and grow fat," for he shines in both directions. He belongs to the Wheelwrights and a number of other City Companies, and is in business as the head of the firm of Messrs. Dunn, Sowan, and Coverdale, auctioneers and surveyors. Both gentlemen, who are working hard in the interests of the Lord Mayor's Show, are certain to be successful in their new offices.

The Garden of Death.

Juan Aldige and his assistant, Munoz, have been condemned to death on six charges of murder at the gambling saloon which they kept at Penafior, near Seville. The two men were professional gamblers and tricksters who lured rich men to their den, and, after murdering them, buried them in graves already prepared in the garden.

Several well-known men of Seville had disappeared, and the wife of one of them, named Rejano, put the police on the track by mentioning that her husband was a gambler. He was traced to Aldige's house, and his body found buried in the garden.

Further examination brought five other bodies to light, some of which had been buried for over two years. The garden has been termed "The Garden of Death."

Russian Suffragettes Banished to Siberia.

This intensely interesting snapshot was taken on the platform at Omsk railway station, the six ladies seen at the door of a carriage in the police train being Mlles. Spiridonova, Bitzenko, Fialka, Skolnik, Ismailov, and Landelovna.

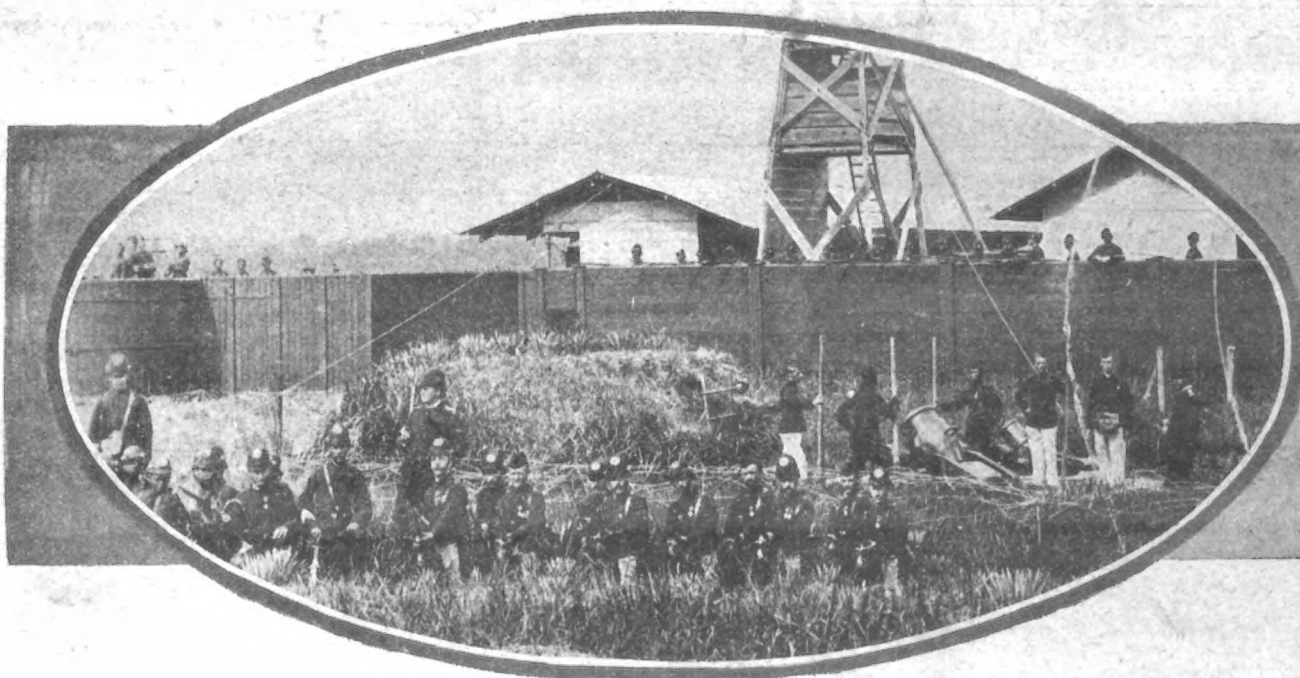
At every stopping-place throughout their journey to the Far East the unfortunate women met with a great

RUSSIAN SUFFRAGETTES BANISHED TO SIBERIA.



Photo, Exclusive News Agency. Russian Suffragettes en route to Siberia. (See accompanying paragraph.)

Holland's Little War Has Lasted Thirty Years, and Still Continues.



Four hundred persons—men, women, and children—were killed in making a last desperate sortie with the lance against the Dutch in the Island of Bali, in the Dutch East Indies, according to an official dispatch. The Dutch troops had four Europeans killed and an officer and nine Europeans wounded. This "little war" has now proceeded for thirty years. The carnage has been appalling in several engagements. In two days' fighting in June, 1904, 1,086 persons were killed. Of these nearly 500 were women and children. The women and children were used by the natives as shields.

"JUNO," the Lady Wrestler of Brockley, Issues a £1,000 Challenge.

("P.I.P." Special.)

London is shortly to be provided with a new sensation—the lady-wrestler. At the present moment there is living, not a hundred miles from London—to be more exact, at Brockley, in Kent—a lady named Miss Juno May, who will shortly make her first public appearance with an open challenge to any other woman-wrestler for £1,000.

Miss May, who is only twenty-two years of age, and who is a British girl born and bred—she was born in Kent—is well named Juno, for she is of exceedingly attractive appearance, and, indeed, anything more unlike the average strong woman could not well be imagined. Standing well over six feet in height, Miss May is perfectly proportioned, and is the possessor of beautifully-shaped hands and feet. In colouring she is dark, with blue eyes, a clear skin, and very regular features. Interviewed for *P.I.P.* last week, Miss May gave some interesting details.

"I first took up wrestling in fun when I was a girl of about thirteen at school, but it is only lately that I have gone in for it at all seriously. For the last five or six months I have been in strict training under Mr. Antonio Pierri, who I think I may say is well satisfied with my progress. My father, who is in South Africa, is rather against my wrestling in public, but I think I am quite old enough to please myself, and I intend to do so.

"Yes, I wrestle in the Græco-Roman style, and I have, so far, thrown all the women-wrestlers with whom I have tried conclusions, so I am rather eager to make my first public appearance, but I can't tell you yet just when or where it will be.

"I have had several offers to go to America and wrestle there, but I haven't decided yet whether I shall accept any of them.

"And please," said Miss May—"please don't ask me if I'm a woman suffragist. Everyone seems to think it's such a splendid joke to ask that question, and I'm getting tired of it. But if you must know—I'm not."

Miss May's wrestling costume is a dainty but business-like confection in black and pale-blue, and in a typical wrestling attitude, as shown by her photograph, she makes a very graceful and pleasing sight. By Miss May's courtesy, we are enabled to give below some interesting measurements:

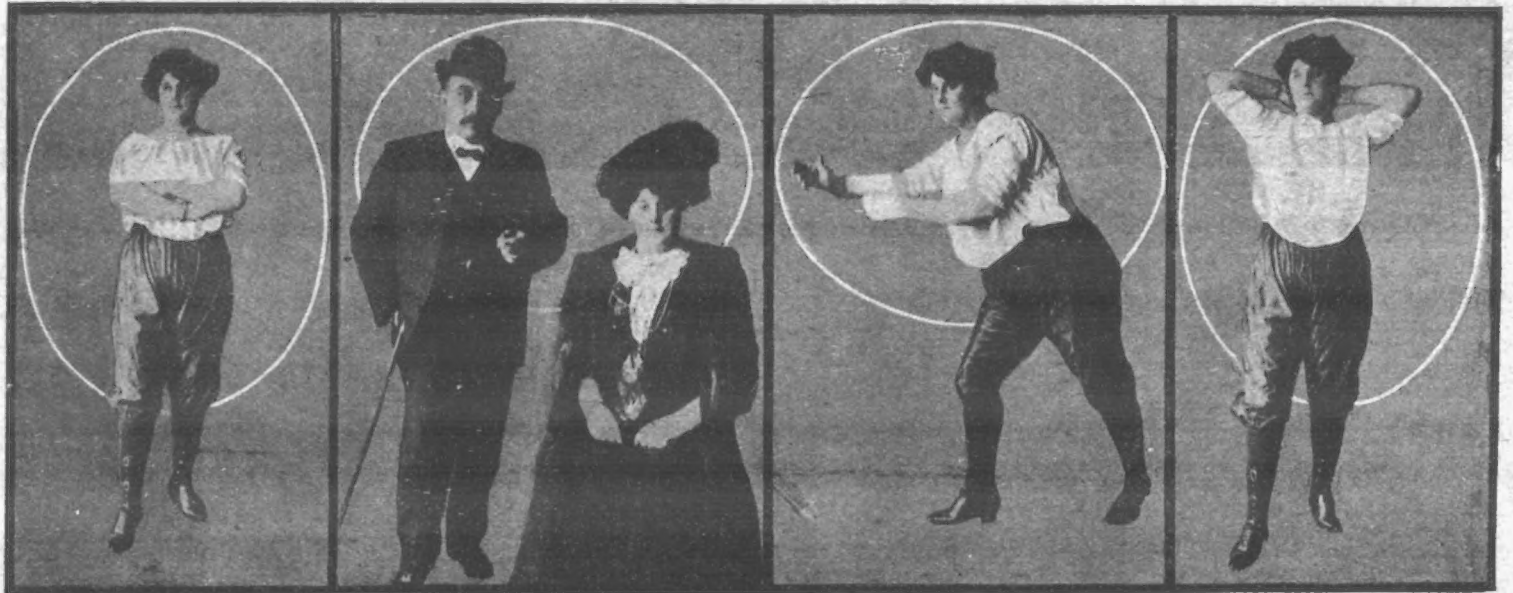
Weight	18 stone.
Height	6ft. 2in.
Bust measurement	50in.
Upper arm	14in.
Forearm	12½in.
Calf	16½in.
Neck	15in.
Waist	33in.

Autumn Herring Season.

The autumn herring fishing is at its height. Ever since the beginning of August the "drifters" have been gradually following the shoals of herring down the coast from Aberdeen, till at last, in October, the famous "Martinmas" herring of Yarmouth and Lowestoft are illuminating the North Sea with miles of phosphorescence round "Smith's Knoll"—a favourite haunt of the full-roed fish—some eighteen miles due east from Yarmouth.

From the open ventilators of the quaint red brick or tarred curing-houses rises the pungent smoke, the savour of which (says James Blyth in the *Daily Express*) permeates the rival bloater towns from morn to morn. In the Yarmouth rows, up and down the Lowestoft "scores," men, women, and children carry gleaming strings of fat herring. Throughout the country round the fish-cadgers bear the spoil of the myriad meshes, and thousands of East Anglian peasants rejoice in the rich daintiness of a "harrin'" as an addition to the eternal light dumping.

At any time of the day one may stand on the Pakefield or Gorleston cliffs and see the brown lugs'ls of the Scotch sailing drifters, the ketch-rigged East Anglian craft, or the smoking steamers making for harbour, and the streets of the herring ports resound with Gaelic or North British dialect till the vernacular proper to the country is whelmed by strange tongues.



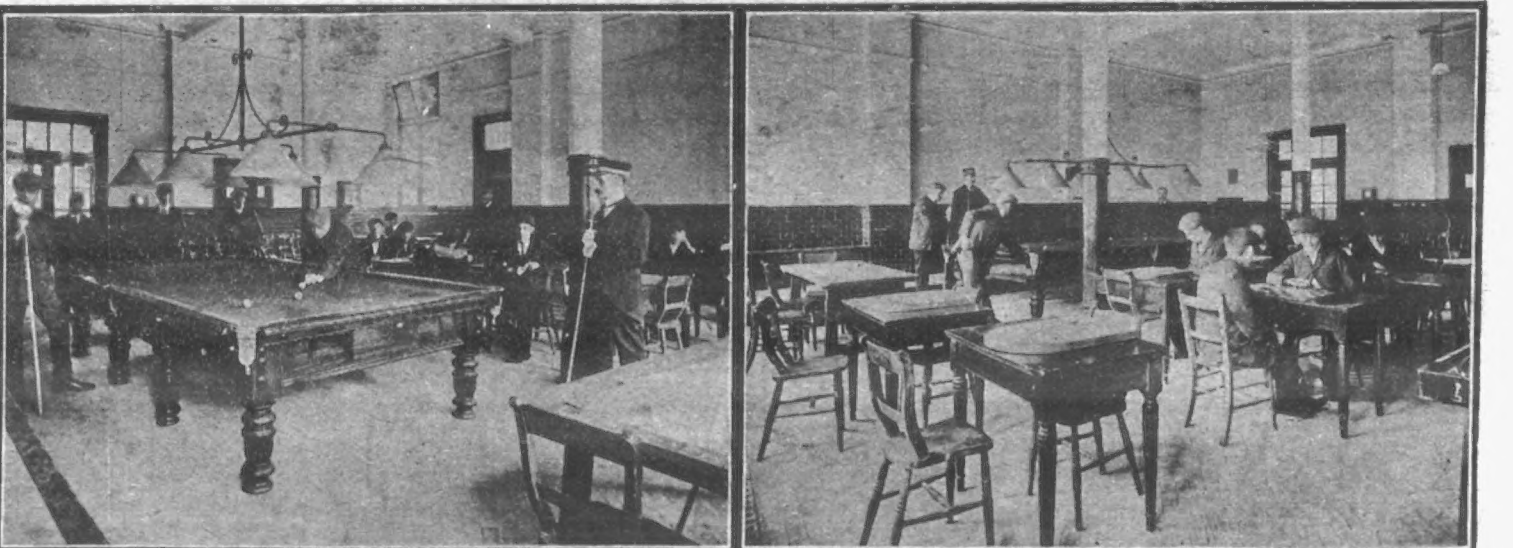
Photos, P.I.P.

"JUNO," THE WRESTLER: Miss Juno May, who will challenge any other lady wrestler for £1,000 a side. In the second picture Miss May is seen with her trainer, Mr. Antonio Pierri.



Photo, Hamilton.

THE HERRING HARVEST: The Autumn herring fishery is marked on the East Coast by the arrival of many craft from Scotland to participate in the harvest of the sea. Accompanying the fleet are numerous Scotch lassies who are employed in salting and packing the fish. These girls are very dexterous in cleaning the fish and sorting them according to size into different baskets, and their smiling faces are a continual source of enjoyment to East Coast visitors.



Photos, Typical.

MUNICIPAL SHOVE-HA'PENNY.—OBJECTIONS TO BATTERSEA YOUTHS PLAYING THE GAME: The Borough Council of Battersea, thinking to enliven the dreary winter evenings for the youth of the place, arranged that a room at the New Baths and Museum, Plough Road, should be open for amusements after 5 p.m. at the nominal charge of one penny. Various games were arranged for—billiards, bagatelle, dominoes, draughts, etc., including shove-ha'penny, about which a good deal of trouble has recently arisen.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. EDDY, the Head of the Christian Science Sect.

TITLED CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

("P.I.P." Special.)

In view of the sensation caused by the allegations concerning Mrs. Eddy, it is interesting to note that Christian Science has many adherents among the denizens of Belgravia and Mayfair. The new religion appears to have a special attraction for Society women. Their men-folk are not so susceptible, the proportion of men to women members being only about one in ten. Prominent and titled Christian Scientists in this country include Lord and Lady Dunmore, the Marchioness of Bath, Lady Ashbourne, Lady Mildred Follett, Lady Grey-Egerton, Viscountess Maitland, the Hon. Eileen O'Brien, Lady Hervey Bathurst, Countess Cathcart, Lord and Lady Tankerville, Lady Abinger, Lady Ramsay, and Ladies Mildred and Victoria Murray. Mr. David Bispham, the well-known operatic singer, subscribes to the faith, and so did the late Mme. Antoinette Sterling.

A Society Craze.

The headquarters of the faith in London are generally filled with well-dressed Society habitués, and now that the "upper ten" has made a fad of the new religion it will undoubtedly go forward in spite of any amount of scandal about its high priestess. As a matter of fact, Christian Science has more adherents in this country in the higher ranks of Society than among the "lower orders." The leaders of the cult in England are Lord and Lady Dunmore and Lady Ramsay, who have made special pilgrimages to the United States to attend and address the annual meetings of the "First Church of Christ."

Lord Dunmore and Mrs. Eddy.

Lord Dunmore, at one of these meetings, called Mrs. Eddy "beloved leader, teacher, mother," and he eulogised "the beauty of the Gospel of Christian Science, and its power to elevate mankind, to heal diseases, and to reconcile men to the abandonment of sin." His lordship stated that he, his wife and daughters were strong believers in the new faith, by



Christian Scientists are stunned by the statement in a New York journal that Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of their sect, is dying of cancer, and that she is being impersonated at Concord, New Hampshire, by Mrs. Leonard, the head of the Christian Science movement in Brooklyn. It is also said that the huge fortune which she has made has disappeared. Her followers declare that there is no truth in the rumours.

which he was cured of a serious internal trouble after being pronounced incurable by his physicians. "I have travelled round the world twice since I entered Christian Science," he said, "and have found its followers in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany, India, China, Australia, Egypt, South America, and even in the Sandwich Islands. As the faith becomes more widely studied it is better understood. There is no doubt that thousands are attracted by the undoubted healing.

Drawing-room Meetings.

Lady Ramsay did much to popularise the Christian Science Church in Bryanston Street before she attached herself to the branch in Edinburgh, which now numbers nearly a hundred communicants. She held services at her country seat of Banff in Perthshire, and inaugurated a Sunday-school. Lady Ashbourne performed similar services to the cult in Dublin, where her drawing-room became a rallying-point for Irish disciples of Mrs. Eddy. Her ladyship firmly believed that the

faith had cured her ailments. Lady Abinger is also a fervent adherent, and has done much, in conjunction with Lord Berwick's sister, Miss Noel-Hill, to promote the new belief. The Earl of Tankerville's leanings towards the faith, and, indeed, many forms of evangelisation, are well known. Lady Bath was a very fervent convert, but Lord Bath set himself strongly against the fashion, and resolutely refused to be captured.

Wealthy Disciples.

Society has been supporting Christian

Science in England since 1895, when a dozen disciples set up a church in a small West-end flat. Converts came quickly, and the services were transferred to the Portman Rooms, then to an old Jewish synagogue in Bryanston Street, then to the present headquarters near Sloane Square, where the attendance numbers some five hundred people, the majority being persons of wealth and notability. There are two other churches in the London district. In the United States there are upwards of eight hundred.

The German Gipsies who are being driven by the police from county to county. Last week they bought new horses at Birmingham, and afterwards camped on the outskirts of Northampton, under a police guard. They are endeavouring to make their way to London.



SERIOUS NAVAL MUTINY AT PORTSMOUTH.

Three Hundred Stokers run "Amok." Troops Called Out to Quell the Disturbance.

The mutiny of about three hundred stokers which began at Portsmouth Naval Barracks on Sunday night was the most serious affair of its kind which has occurred for many years. Strange to say, it was apparently the want of tact in one officer which began the riot, and the tactful behaviour of another which ultimately restored order.

As in all similar cases, the disturbance was partly due to a misunderstanding. According to the descriptions published in the daily papers from correspondents on the spot, it appears that the affair began in the afternoon, and the weather was partly to blame for all that happened. At four o'clock a number of men were on parade in the open when a sudden rain set in of some severity came on, and the men, instead of waiting for the order to dismiss, broke up on their own initiative, and started running to their quarters.

This being a breach of discipline, the men were ordered to parade in the gymnasium, where some five or six hundred of various ratings shortly afterwards mustered. The senior officer, overhearing some insulting remarks from some of the stokers, gave the order to stand fast. Those in the front rank were ordered to kneel, the reason alleged being that the officer, a man of short stature, would have had some difficulty in seeing the whole of those assembled and making them hear the remarks he proposed to address to them.

The order to kneel was obeyed by many of the men, but the stokers appear to have got out of hand, and to have regarded it as one of undue submission, and they refused to comply. The order was repeated with some emphasis, and finally obeyed by all but one of the men, who observed that he would bow the knee to no man. The result was that the offender was handed over to the naval police.

The remainder of the party were kept on parade in the gymnasium some time before being allowed to return to their quarters. The men in the stoker ratings were evidently much aggrieved at the treatment of the offenders from their class, and, later in the evening, on meeting in the canteen to discuss the situation, became very excited. After smashing glasses and turning on various taps in the supply department, they gave vent to threats to wreck the apartments of the officer whom they regarded as responsible for all that happened, and whose quarters were in the officers' block.

To reach these from the men's building it is necessary to cross one of the main public streets of Portsmouth. The stokers made so much noise that news of their intention reached the main gate of the barracks, and prompt steps were taken to check their intention of breaking out.

The bugle sounded the order to mobilise, calling every officer and man in the place to arms, and when the party from the canteen, some three hundred strong, reached the main gate they found the exit guarded by a powerful body of men, fully armed, with bayonets fixed, while the gate itself was locked and barred by chains. On seeing these precautions the men hesitated, and thought it best to attempt to retreat. As they did so some of the supposed ring-leaders were singled out for arrest.

This angered the main body, and they were again assuming a threatening attitude when Commodore the Hon. W. G. Stopford, commanding the barracks, arrived, and assumed a very tactful attitude by calling upon the men to state their grievances. This saved the situation. The men listened to reason, and gave their version of the evening's happenings, concluding with a request that those who had been arrested might be released on promising to be of good behaviour.

The Commodore eventually conceded this point, and a very ugly

business came to a peaceful termination, the men returning to quarters, and the barracks resuming its normal appearance.

Unfortunately, the mutiny broke out afresh on Monday night. The *Daily Mail's* correspondent, wiring in the early hours of Tuesday morning, says that the windows of the officers' quarters have been smashed, the furniture of several barrack-rooms destroyed, and at half-past one the rioters were busy smashing windows in the barrack blocks. The authorities have summoned all possible help. The barracks are surrounded by bluejackets and marines under arms, while a large body of borough police, mounted and a-foot, are also helping to quell the disorder.

It seems that an effort was made

as numerous as on Sunday night. Marines are doubling to and fro across the barrack square, returning with large batches of prisoners each time. One or two constables have been seriously injured by missiles, and some officers have been assaulted.

Although occasionally solitary cases of insubordination in the British Navy have been reported, it is very seldom indeed that a general riot or mutiny amongst a large number of men has to be recorded. Perhaps the most famous case was that of the mutiny at the Nore in 1797, when the North Sea Fleet ran "amok" and actually threatened London for fourteen days.

The trouble began when the Admiral ordered the men to go below and remain quiet. They obeyed at first, but very soon tried to force

harbour, sent boats up the river to win over the ships lying at Long Reach. They stopped merchant ships going up and down, and effected a veritable blockade of London. The Government offered pardon to the men if they would return to their duty. And they sent down three Lords of the Admiralty to treat with the rebels; but the latter behaved with such insolence that the Admiralty Lords returned without doing anything.

Soon, however, three mutinous ships deserted. Then, on June 9th, when "President" Parker gave the order to sail, no ship obeyed it. Next day the officers of the *Leopard*, with a few loyal seamen, succeeded in cowing the mutineers aboard and bringing away the ship. On May 13th Parker's own ship, the *Sandwich*, surrendered, and that was the end of the mutiny.

had sunshine and happiness brought into their lives.

This year's total exceeds that of 1905 by over 20,000. Altogether, 203,995 poor children were given a day's good food and a day's excursion to some green, sunny places of natural beauty and pure air on the outskirts of London and our great towns. Of this huge number 101,395 children were drawn from the poorest quarters of London. To Epping Forest, went 67,200, and to other places 34,195. It was inevitable that thousands of deserving little ones had to be denied the day's happiness.

But the children of our provincial slums were provided for as far as funds would allow. No fewer than 102,600 youngsters journeyed from our big industrial centres to some pleasant and healthy resort outside them.

From Birmingham went 6,500 children; from Glasgow and Manchester, 6,000 each; from Liverpool, 5,600; from Belfast, 5,000; from Leeds, 4,500; from Newcastle, Sheffield, and Nottingham, 4,000 each; from Hanley, 3,500; from Dublin, Gateshead, and Cardiff, 3,000 each; from Bristol, Bradford, Leicester, Sunderland, and Hull, 2,500 each; from Oldham, Southampton, Swansea, Portsmouth, Preston, Norwich, Halifax, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Blackburn, 2,000 each, besides lesser numbers from various other towns.

The responsibility of providing a day's happiness for 203,000 children is no light one. Hundreds of earnest workers toiled hard during the summer in London and the provinces on behalf of the poor, neglected little ones, but it was a labour of love. Every ninepence that was received went solely in providing a day's food and happiness to a child. In respect of cheapness and economy the Fresh Air Fund stands superior to all other charities.

As in previous years the whole of the working expenses have been paid by the promoters. Mr. John Kirk and Mr. Ernest Kessell (honorary secretary of the Fresh Air Fund) were responsible for the arduous task of organising and supervising the concern.

The total sum subscribed to the Fresh Air Fund thus by readers of *Pearson's Weekly* and other publications interested in the work amounted to £8,709 13s. 9d.—just on £1,000 more than the sum received in 1905. Some of this money reached the honorary officials too late in the season to admit of arrangements being made in the various centres for giving children a day's holiday in the country.

Every official, every helper, every contributor, has reason to be well satisfied with the success of the past summer. It is something to have brightened the lives of 200,000 poor slum children, to have fixed in their memories a day of plenty, of sunshine, health, and happiness—a red-letter day. But there are thousands of children still in our alleys and courts who have never romped on sweet-smelling, green fields, who have never enjoyed any of the hundred delights of the country.

There is a great deal of work for the Fresh Air Fund to do. There must be no standing still. It must be forward—forward all the time. The happy gratitude of 200,000 of our poorest children is no mean reward. Every ninepence you have contributed has brought a day's happiness to some poor child.

No matter how many children's happiness stands to your credit during the past summer, make up your mind to double the number during the coming year.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

Owing to pressure on our space of important news matter and pictures, I am unavoidably compelled to hold over, this week, our "P.I.P." Playgoer" and "The Editor to his Friends."

VALENTIA STEER.

PHOTOS OF INTEREST IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.



Miss Reena Russell-Graham, who gave a most successful violin recital at the Queen's Hall last Tuesday.



MARK HAMBOURG ENGAGED: Mr. Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist, is engaged to be married to Miss Dorothy Muir-Mackenzie, the daughter of Sir Kenneth Augustus Muir-Mackenzie, K.C.B., K.C., Clerk of the Crown in Chancery and Permanent Principal Secretary to the Lord Chancellor.



Photos, Haltones & Barnett.

by the authorities to keep the stokers who were outside the barracks from mixing with those inside, as trouble was feared. The men prevented from entering the barracks held converse with those inside through the railings, and the two parties apparently agreed upon a course of action.

Towards midnight the men outside made a rush at the officers' quarters, which are situated on the opposite side of Edinburgh Road to the barracks. Hooting and yelling, they began to shower stones at the windows, smashing a great many of those in the pile of splendid buildings and doing other damage. The guards were immediately turned out and the police called, but they were not strong enough to cope with the rioters, who for a time had matters all their own way. They behaved like madmen, shouting imprecations, yelling curses on their officers, and hurling stones at the windows and in at the doors.

At one time things looked very serious, but, fortunately, the rioters had no side arms, though in one or two instances they tried to snatch bayonets from the guards. As speedily as possible armed parties were summoned from the ships and from the Marine Barracks, and by half-past twelve the barracks were surrounded by armed men and the rioters driven in.

Wiring later on Tuesday the same correspondent states that the rioters have been overcome. They were driven about the barrack buildings until all were penned in a corner. Then the work of arresting them began. Squads of Marines with fixed bayonets are now marching the stokers to the guard-room. There appear to be some hundreds of prisoners, for the rioters were twice

their way on deck. The Admiral thereupon ordered the Marines to fire. Only a few officers obeyed—killing five men. The Marines threw down their arms, and the men, coming on deck, seized a lieutenant, put a rope round his neck, and prepared to hang him. But, with fine bravery, the Admiral stepped forward, saying: "If anyone is to blame it is I. I gave the order to fire." He and his officers were seized and locked in their cabins for twenty-four hours, after which they were sent ashore.

The mutineers paraded Sheerness with red flags, took ships out of the



Mrs. Willie James: The famous Society beauty who will entertain the King this week.

WHAT WE DID WITH OUR NINEPENCES.

Over 200,000 Poor Children were sent by the Fresh Air Fund during the past summer for a Day's Outing in the Country.

During the past summer the Fresh Air Fund has achieved a greater triumph than ever before. As summer succeeds summer, so the figures grow, so, by the generosity of sympathisers in the noble work, the Fresh Air Fund treasury is filled to a fuller extent than before, and thousands more of the children of the slums of London and our great towns are given a day's real happiness in the country.

The Fresh Air Fund was founded fifteen years ago with high ideals. Fifteen years ago there were hundreds of thousands of little ones who had never seen the country. To them trees only existed in books, the only flowers were gaudy paper substitutes. Their little lives were as dull as the sunless, grimy alleys in which they played.

The Fresh Air Fund was an attempt by its founders to alter this deplorable condition of things. Its motive was to bring at least one day's happiness into the lives of the very poorest children, the little ones for whom no one in particular seemed to care. It sought to change, for one day at least, the gutters of the slums, their playgrounds, for the fresh, green fields, to replace the foul-smelling air of the alleys for the sweet, invigorating breezes of the country. There was also to be a day's good wholesome food.

The Fresh Air Fund was successful from the start. Twenty thousand little ones were taken into the country for a whole day's outing in the first year of its inception. There was a greater number for the succeeding year, and so on, year by year, the contribution-list has grown longer and longer, and a correspondingly larger number of children have

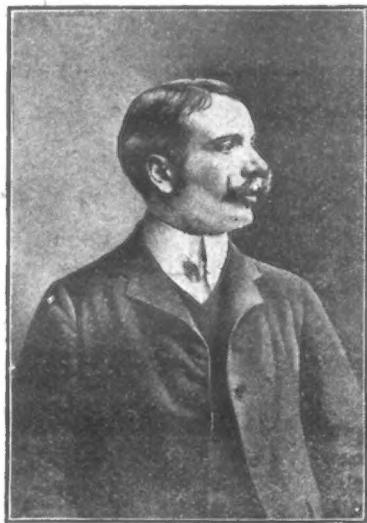
BEHIND THE SCENES OF ROYAL ROMANCES.

TWO SENSATIONAL STORIES FROM THE COURTS OF EUROPE.

An Extraordinary Royal Romance.

The marriage between Prince Joachim Albrecht, a second cousin of the Kaiser, and Marie Sulzer, a well-known actress, will not now apparently take place.

It will be remembered that the announcement of the proposed marriage plunged the Prussian Court



Baron von Liebenberg.

into absolute consternation. Even in this country the affair created unusual interest.

Briefly, the history of this extraordinary match, of which we are able to give exclusive details (says the *Daily Express*), is as follows: Marie Sulzer, who has latterly been known as Baroness von Liebenberg, and is generally regarded as having divorced the man whose name she bears, does not appear to have been divorced at all. She is, indeed, only baroness in name, for she parted from the Baron, five minutes after her marriage to him, at the door of a suburban registry office at Brixton Hill, London, where the ceremony was performed. The marriage, therefore, was only gone through for the purpose of making the actress "noble." For Prince Albrecht to have married plain Marie Sulzer would have meant his complete expulsion from the Prussian Court.

Seeking for a way out of the difficulty, the possibility of the actress becoming "ennobled" was put forward and accepted. To find a suitable person a certain matrimonial agent in Berlin scoured Europe for a needy nobleman who would consent to lend his name to the intrigue at a price. This person was at last found in Baron von Liebenberg, the poverty-stricken descendant of one of the most distinguished noble houses of Austria.

For fifteen thousand marks (£750) Baron von Liebenberg agreed to come to England and there marry Marie Sulzer. He was neither to see her before the marriage nor after.

He was, in fact, immediately after the ceremony to perpetrate such acts as would justify Marie Sulzer in obtaining a divorce. On the decree being granted he was to receive a further fifteen thousand marks.

The various parties came to London at the end of April this year, and on May 9 Marie Sulzer was married to the Baron. The couple, who hardly exchanged a word, except for those necessitated by the marriage service, bade each other a curt good-morning directly after the wedding, the Baroness driving back to the Carlton Hotel, and the Baron returning to the boarding-house at which he was staying in Brixton. Soon after the Baron went to Mayence, in the company of the marriage broker, where he committed the acts which it had

keeps him from actual starvation. Baron von Liebenberg states that no divorce papers have yet been served on him, and both Marie Sulzer and Prince Albrecht are stated to be away from Berlin.

Queen Natalie.

Some stories about Queen Natalie of Serbia, who has been staying with Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh at Ughbrooke Park, may not be amiss. When she was a young girl she was out riding one day when the horse of her groom bolted. The young princess galloped in pursuit, caught the bridle of the runaway, and brought him to a standstill, whereupon the trembling servant be-

of pantalettes fringed with gold coins, embroidered vest, puffy silk chemisette and short petticoats, used to perform the ancient national dance of the Serbs, called the Kolo. She also introduced croquet into Serbia. Her beauty is still extraordinary. Of more than middle height, yet perfectly proportioned, with dark hair and eyes, faultlessly-shaped features, and a complexion of milk-and-roses, this daughter of the old Moldavian dynasty was considered at the time of her marriage, when she was only sixteen, to be the loveliest Royal personage in all Europe. Her dowry was magnificent, £400,000, and she insisted that it should remain under her own control. Thanks to her prudence she now enjoys an income of some £18,000 a year. She is passionately devoted to dogs, and some years ago she entertained her four-footed favourites and those of her friends at a regular Christmas-tree, on which were hung bits of sausage, sweetmeats, and other canine delicacies. The superstitious may like to know that as a bride this Royal lady, whose marriage was so unhappy and whose idolised son was cruelly assassinated, would insist on wearing pearls. "Pearls mean tears," sobbed an old and privileged attendant, but "Away with such superstitious nonsense!" cried her young mistress.

Wife for One Year.

Probably the most unpopular person in Germany at the present time is the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, who, in 1901, divorced his English wife, Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, installing in her place, about a year ago, a highly-popular German princess. A few weeks ago the announcement of an heir expected in November made all Darmstadt rejoice, but joy has now given way to indignation owing to the Grand Duke's action in going to Finland to meet his sister, the Tsaritsa, whose moral support he hopes to obtain in regard to his intention of having recourse to the



By courtesy of the *DAILY EXPRESS*.

MISS MARIE SULZER, a well-known Continental actress.

been stipulated he should commit to form the basis of a case for divorce.

Unfortunately for the high contracting parties, the marriage broker and the Baron fell out over the question of payment. At the present time the Baron is in receipt of a fortnightly pittance from Marie Sulzer's solicitor in Berlin, which

sought her to have him shot for his carelessness in letting the horse bolt. But Natalie laughed merrily, and said: "Oh! if you only knew how funny you looked, you would join a circus and make a fortune!" She was a wonderfully graceful dancer, and she and her ladies, attired in the picturesque Servian peasant dress



Prince Joachim Albrecht.

divorce court to get rid of his unfortunate second wife, whom he characterises as "unsympathetic."

The Grand Duke of Hesse, whose matrimonial complications are again interesting Europe, has much in common with the late Marquis of Anglesey.

The same effeminate ways, the same love of magnificence characterise both. The Grand Duke sews exquisitely, turns out embroideries worthy of a museum, and plays the zither, to which he sings with a tuneless voice.

These were the weaknesses which had such an effect upon the nerves of his first wife, who is now married to the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia. High-spirited, a fearless rider, the best whip in Europe, Princess Melitia found out too late her husband's tastes. There was no difficulty in proving incompatibility of temper to justify divorce, which was the upshot of the unsuitable union.

Curiously enough, at the time all the sympathy was with the Grand Duke, and one of the first things the Kaiser did was to deprive the Grand Duchess of her distinction as "colonel" of one of the crack regiments.

SLAVES TO STOUTNESS.

There are thousands of persons who seem positively to be willing slaves to the distressing disease of obesity. Beyond an occasional attempt to bring down their weight by means of a starvation dietary, they make no effort to rid themselves of the malady. Others are slaves to stoutness simply because they have failed to find a cure in the many so-called remedies they have tried. Drugging, sweating, and semi-starvation must of necessity reduce weight, but these drastic measures will not cure the affliction—indeed, they are often more injurious than the disease they are intended to cure. When the weakened subject ceases to employ them in order to recuperate strength and vitality the excessive fat is bound to return as soon as the necessary quantity of nourishment is indulged in. This is because the restricted dietary and the sweating and drugging do not eradicate the tendency to put on flesh to excess, unless they undermine the constitution altogether. They simply produce a temporary reduction at the expense of the vital forces—that is all.

The simple and harmless Antipon treatment reverses this order—or disorder—of things, because it tones up the system and builds up strength whilst the subject is being gradually brought down to natural proportions and normal weight. Not only this, Antipon, during the process of weight-reduction, removes the tendency to excessive fat-development which, rightly or wrongly, is sometimes looked upon as constitutional, and therefore ineradicable. That the tendency is really destroyed by Antipon has been proved in thousands of cases, and many thankful men and women have written to the Antipon Company to say so. At the registered offices of the Antipon Company letters without number may be seen in which the permanent benefit derived from the pleasant Antipon treatment is acknowledged with gratitude. Anyone interested may examine the original letters.

Antipon is both fat-absorbent and tonic. It increases appetite and promotes digestion and assimilation. No irksome dietary restrictions are necessary. The patient simply eats rationally and gets stronger as the cure proceeds, and as soon as normal weight and dimensions are recovered the doses may be discontinued without dread lest the excess of fat should reassert itself. At the close of a course of Antipon treatment one looks and feels much younger. The sallow complexion has given place to the hue of health. The movements are free and graceful; physical and mental energy are re-established, and one can enjoy healthy outdoor exercise without fatigue. The limbs are firm and well moulded, the waist and hips normal—indeed, every part of the body is rebeautified. Antipon has a beneficial action on the skin, and the most surprising reductions of bulk leave no wrinkles. The puffy cheeks and double chin subside into graceful curves without the skin becoming flaccid. Meanwhile, muscular and nervous strength and vigour are completely restored.

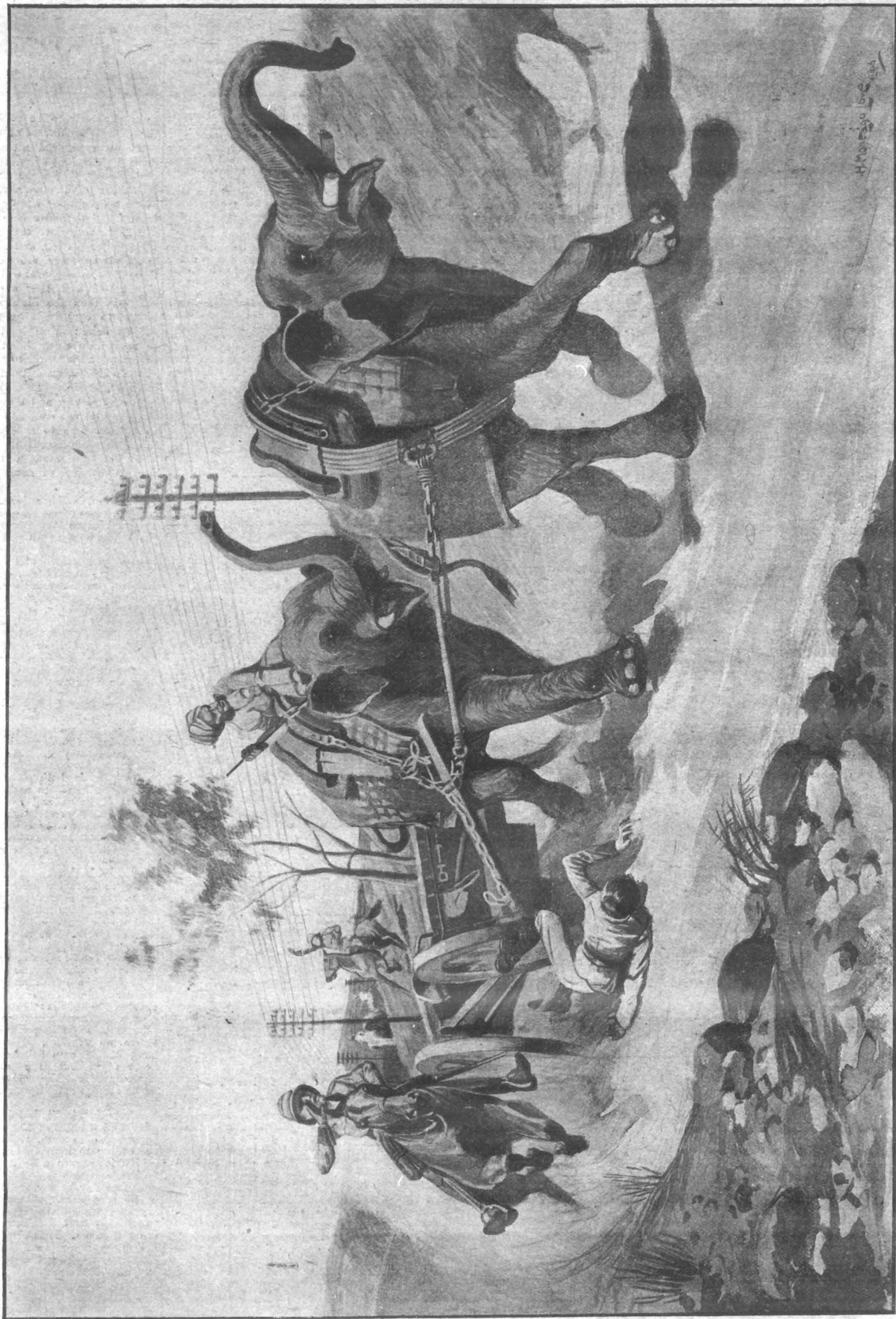
From 8oz. to 3lb. is taken off within a day and a night of the first dose. The amount, of course, varies considerably according to individual conditions. But there is always a reduction within 24 hours, and this is followed by a steady decrease day by day until complete and permanent cure. Truly an extraordinarily successful treatment. Antipon is a slightly tart liquid, not unpleasant to the palate. It is composed wholly of harmless non-mineral ingredients, and has no unpleasant reactionary effects upon the stomach or bowels, being neither laxative nor the opposite.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.



WIFE FOR ONE YEAR: Our photographs show (1) The unfortunate Princess to be divorced by (2) the notorious Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. (3) This is the photograph of Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, daughter of our own Duke of Edinburgh, who was divorced by her husband in December, 1901, and married again, recently, the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia.

An Exciting Moment: Elephant Battery Bolts in India.



An officer, writing from Madras, sends the following description of an exciting incident that happened during some recent manoeuvres: "The battery was proceeding in single file along the road when the leading team took fright and bolted. The gunners were thrown from the limber, and the driver on the leading elephant also came to the ground. The whole responsibility thus rested with the driver of the 'wheeler,' who eventually, acting on instructions shouted at him by the officer commanding the battery, succeeded in bringing his own elephant to a reasonable state of mind, and thus checking the headlong career of the 'wheeler.'"

Costumes and Characters in the Lord Mayor's Show.

Specially drawn by courtesy of the costumiers by MONTAGU LOVE.



A BOOK TO KEEP.

The fashion of copying out recipes in a book kept for the purpose has long since died out. Recipes, now-a-days, are scattered broadcast through the pages of newspapers and magazines. We housewives generally read, mark, and criticise them; finally—quite by accident—we lose them.

Everybody knows that the greatest favourites among recipes have, for a long time past, been those dealing with Currant Cookery. These formulae are among the favoured few which we have read, marked, criticised—and finally cut out and pasted in a reference book. Keep all these cuttings—they will still come in handy—but add to them a little book—"Currants: A Few Recipes," with which your grocer will present you.

We append one of its recipes and suggest that you lose no time in securing a copy of this book.

Black Cap Pudding.—Half a pound of flour, two eggs, three-quarters of a pint of milk, three ounces of currants, a pinch of salt.

Method.—Sift the flour into a basin, add the salt, beat up the eggs and stir gradually into the flour, adding the milk by degrees, and work into a batter. Butter one large or two small pudding basins. Sprinkle in the currants and pour in the prepared batter. Cover the basins with buttered paper, and steam for one hour.

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a better Cocoa than

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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA

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very Cocoa you want.

OKTIS

DOUBLE THE LIFE
OF YOUR CORSETS

They also beautify the waist, give
a pleasant sense of support, and prevent
breakage of the corset bones.

Made of **RUSTLESS ZAIROID**—the
only kind that are. The cost is trifling.
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Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "P.I.P.," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Monday morning for the following Friday's issue.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought: call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford Street, London, W. (Est. 100 years.)

Send Your False Teeth to R. D. & J. B. Fraser Ltd., Desk 111, Princess Street, Ipswich; they'll send money or offer by return.

Pianos and Organs, new, second-hand, and returned hire. Cash, or 10s. 6d. per month, carriage paid. Call and inspect or send for catalogue.—Wm. Cooper, 74 Old Kent Road, London.

Billiard Tables, new, second-hand and returned from hire. Complete, 50s. to £50, best make; approval, cash or credit. Illustrated catalogue post free.—Empire Billiard Co., 735 Old Kent Road, London.

Picture Post-cards, splendid variety. Send 2d. for samples and price list.—Stevenson, 6 St. German's Road, Forest Hill, London.

A Scurfy Head leads to Baldness.—The remedy is Oswald's Scurfy Eradicator. Large bottle, 1s. 4d. post free.—Address, Oswald, 10 Horsey Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Given Away.—A new Four-Shilling Piece of Music, six pages, full size, presented free to every reader of the Penny Illustrated Paper. Forward your address to Music Agent, 280 Caledonian Road, London, N. Enclose this advertisement and one stamp for postage of music.

TO THE DEAF.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head, after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free. Address—
H. CLIFTON,
9 Amberley House, 35 Waterloo Road, London.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

ALL PERSONS SUFFERING FROM EPILEPSY or HYSTERIA should send Name and Address to JAMES OSBORNE, Medical Pharmacy, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, who will forward, free of charge, particulars (with Testimonials, and full size Free Trial Bottle) of the most successful remedy ever discovered for these distressing maladies. Sent to all parts of the world.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

NOTHING lends to the appearance a smarter air than a well-chosen stock collar or Neckwear. The two great canons of good dressing are to have the neck and the waist trim and neat. Provided these two details are attended to, the rest of the costume is well able to take care of itself. The new accessories in neckwear offer a most tempting and bewildering choice at prices which bring them within the range of the woman with a short purse. A white glacé silk Windsor tie, one and a half yards long, can be obtained, with a bordering in various colours, for 1s. 6d. It passes round the neck and ties daintily in front, with a bow under the chin. This would look charming with any costume which repeated the colour of the border. A pretty stock tie with a stiff collar band can be tied into a bow under the chin in similar fashion, and is smart in either plain glacé silk at 2s. 6d., or in spotted silk at 2s. 11d. A made-up stock tie, with a pleated collar band and hem-stitched bow, fastens at the back, and is very cheap and useful for 1s. 11d. in fancy checks or plain colours. Then at 1s. 6d. a glacé Windsor tie of pure silk in all shades can be obtained, measuring a yard and a half in length, sufficient to go twice round the neck and be tied in a nice bow. Silk bows in all shades, plain and fancy, can be had for 8d. These are stitched on to a convenient little mount, which makes them easily adjusted at the throat, and are much in vogue to wear with the little linen and lace turnover collars. Silk bows

in all colours, edged black and white, are also in great demand for throat wear. They are priced at 1s. 0d., and the quaint touch of black and white at their edge makes them a very refined and effective finish to any toilette.

The Henley Tie. The crêpe de Chine ties, now sold at the uniform price of a shilling, and known as the Henley ties, are similar to a man's slip-knot tie, and look very suitable on some of the delaine and delainette shirts and blouses of simple make. It is well to bear in mind that a blouse with variegated pattern or colours require a stock or tie of plain colour, accentuating the dominant note of colour in the blouse. A plain or self-coloured blouse on the other hand may be smartened by fanciful neck wear which combines several colours. For instance, a Chine silk tie, such as can be obtained nearly three inches wide and quite one and a half yards long for 1s. 6d., would be sure to look well in the latter case. Instead of the slip-knot tie, many



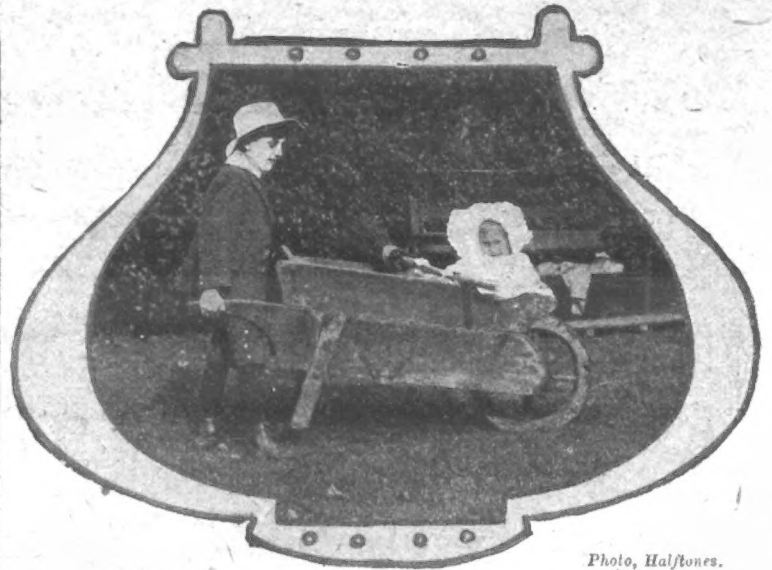
Buffalo Bill (Col. Cody) standing beside his coach: Buffalo Bill and his party of hunters, including Colonel Stanley, of Liverpool, and three other Englishmen, had a narrow escape from death during the recent blizzard in Wyoming. They were snowed up in the Big Horn Mountains, and had to remain there for two days and nights until the storm abated. In our picture Miss Camille Clifford is on top of the coach.

women like a spread tie, which is worn round the neck in a similar narrow fold, but which after being knotted is spread out over the points of the blouse. Such a tie in crêpe de Chine can be purchased for 1s. 11d.

A MADE-UP hunting stock in white and all colours costs 1s. 11d. This stock encircles the neck, and is carelessly fastened in front with a breastpin. It could be



A PRETTY WEDDING: The marriage of Captain Currie, R.A., and Miss May White, daughter of Sir George White. The little bridesmaids and two pages dressed as pensioners.



MAX DAREWSKI, the talented boy violinist and conductor, as an amateur gardener.

worn also as a "dicky," and would be useful in this rôle to wear with some of the long double-breasted tailor-made coats which are now the order of the day.

A Fancy Work Competition. Many of my readers will be interested to hear that an art needlework competition has been organised by the proprietors of the celebrated "Peri Lusta" threads, which, I have no doubt, are well known to all of you. Competitors have the choice of three different classes, twenty-three prizes, amounting to £100 in cash, being divided. It is hoped that many

"Lusta" handbook compiled by Mrs. Humphrys ("Madge" of Truth), which is beautifully illustrated, and contains a large number of designs in needlework of all kinds. The book and conditions of competition can be obtained at those shops where the threads are on sale, and seven stamps sent to "Peri Lusta," 19 Ludgate Hill, London, will bring you a copy.

Some Ambitious Bows. The silk collar bands which boast two sets of bows are quite capable of forming the sole trimming of a blouse. One smart small bow is set immediately under the chin, a full end of

CAMILLE CLIFFORD AND BUFFALO BILL.



A snapshot of Miss Camille Clifford and some girl friends visiting Buffalo Bill in America in the early days of her theatrical career. Miss Camille Clifford (the Hon. Mrs. Bruce) is seen on the extreme right of the picture.

silk is then carried down for a few inches, when it is finished off with a slightly larger bow of the same description. This little item of dress has a tucked collar-band, and the bows are of taffeta chiffon, price 2s. 11d. For the same sum a made-up stock, with bow at throat and pleated ends falling on the breast in three tiers, can be obtained. This has a small woven spot on the silk which is very smart in effect.

A Handy Sewing Machine. LIKE myself, you have no doubt occasional use for a hand sewing machine for the "running up" of things for the children and odd articles for household use. For such purposes I may say I have lately been using a Naumann special hand sewing machine, which I find excellent for the kind of work I have mentioned. The machine is, I am sure, quite capable of even the most exacting work; but so far I have not yet had an opportunity of putting it to the test. Any home dressmaker in need of a reliable sewing machine, either hand or treadle, should make inquiry about the Naumann machines of which a large number are now in the market.

A SIMPLE remedy is to strew the floor with parings of fresh cucumber. Another is to make wafers with red-lead, flour, and water. Roll these out very thin, then put on to an old baking-sheet of the stove to dry. Scatter powdered borax in the haunts of the blackbeetle before trying the wafers, which are poisonous and must be used with care.

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THE "SPRINGBOKS" NEARLY MEET THEIR WATERLOO, Only Beating Glamorgan by 6 Points.



Photos, P.I.P.

1. South Africans throwing in the ball.
2. A scrummage.
3. The 'Bokken make a rush.

4. Collared.
5. The Glamorgan Team.
6. D. Morkel taking a place kick for the South Africans.

The World of Pastime.

FOOTBALL.

As the result of the League matches of last week-end Everton still hold pride of place at the top of the ladder, but their lead is by no means formidable, and it will not be at all surprising if wholesale changes take place in the positions of the clubs who now occupy the first few places. Everton have played twelve matches, of which they have won eight, lost two, and drawn two. Last Saturday they defeated Manchester United by 3 goals to nil, and the English Cup-holders have scored 30 goals against 12 by their opponents, and have registered 18 points.

Newcastle United are second on the list, and, excepting the matter of average, they have as good a record as the Goodison Park team, for, though they have gained two

points less, they have a match in hand. Last Saturday they somewhat spoiled their record by only making a draw with Derby County, no goals being scored. But for this they would hold a better position, relatively, than the leaders.

Woolwich Arsenal are still in the running for chief honours, but they came very near to being beaten by Bolton Wanderers, and that on their own ground at Manor Field. The Arsenal failed to play up to their best form, and the Wanderers gave them more than one fright during the ninety minutes play was in progress. There was something of the kick-and-rush method about the Arsenal play quite foreign to their usual style, and their methods were not always above suspicion.

Sheffield Wednesday have won only six matches out of eleven, but they have only lost one, the other four being drawn. Last Saturday they

played their neighbours, the United, and, as was doubtless satisfactory to both, the men of Owlerton drew with the Bramall Lane brigade, each side scoring twice. Birmingham, playing at home, got the better of Stoke by 2 goals to 1, and Preston North End brought about Aston Villa's fifth defeat by scoring 2 goals without a response. Truly, the Villa have badly fallen away.

Liverpool journeyed to Middlesbrough, where they easily accounted for that team, though they scored only 1 goal, and Bristol City did remarkably well to beat Manchester City at Hyde Road. Sunderland and Blackburn Rovers had a hard battle at Roker Park, the latter just going under by 1 goal to nil. The other match was between Bury and Notts County at Gigg Lane, and the Lancastrians gained a handsome victory by 3 clear goals.

Both the Southern clubs, in the Second Division had to put up with

defeat. Burton United proved too good for Clapton Orient, the Hammer men being beaten by 2 goals to 1, and Chelsea unexpectedly fell to Burslem Port Vale, the latter club, though not possessing nearly so good a record as their rivals, pulling through by 2 goals to nil. The other matches in the Second Division worked out very much according to form, and that fine old club, West Bromwich Albion, retained its position at the head of the Division by scoring 5 goals against one of their rivals, Glossop.

Fulham have a comfortable lead in the Southern League, for they are four points ahead of their nearest rivals, Tottenham Hotspur. That they deserve their position is questioned by many unbiassed people who are rightly indignant at the questionable tactics employed by certain of their players. The management ought to suspend foul players—but will they? Fulham last Saturday beat Brighton and Hove Albion by

2 goals to nil, but the Spurs could do no better than draw with Portsmouth at 1-1. Watford, West Ham United, Bristol Rovers, and Norwich City are all doing well among the middle division.

Last Saturday Watford had Northampton for opponents, and each side scored once. West Ham had to put up with a similar result in their match with New Brompton, but Norwich City went one better by beating Millwall by 3 goals to nil. Southampton scored 3 goals to 1 by Plymouth Argyle, and Reading were 1 goal too good for Queen's Park Rangers. Luton unexpectedly beat Brentford by 2 goals to nil, Swindon defeated Leyton by the odd goal in three, whilst in the game between Bristol Rovers and the Crystal Palace each side scored once.

In Rugby circles the South Africans still hold the field, and, up
(Continued on Next Page.)

LET THE "SHOP" COME TO YOU!

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H. SAMUEL, MANCHESTER. 111 Market St.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

Continued.

to the time of writing, they maintain their run of victories. Their victims last Saturday were Gloucestershire, whom they routed by 23 points to nil. Whatever opinions may be formed of the merits of the Colonials there can be no question but that they have well done all they have been asked to do.

Blackheath appear to have played themselves into form, judging by their show against London Scottish last Saturday. The latter are one of the strongest teams playing the Rugby game, and Blackheath did very well to effect a draw with them. The Harlequins are another side that want all the beating that the best can give them. Last Saturday they beat Cambridge University by 11 points to nil, and it is a matter for great regret that neither they nor the Scottish have a fixture with the South Africans.

ill for a year, and to-day, though still in early middle age, he looks like a man of sixty.

Claquo in English Theatros.

"There is no recognised or organised claquo in this country," Colonel Mapleson has been telling an interviewer from *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, "but, all the same, there are claques. There are certain men who tout for work of this description, and it is individual artistes who employ them. According to my information, each member of the claquo is paid two shillings per night, and is given free admission to the gallery. Going back to by-gone days, I have a vivid recollection of an individual who by trade was a worker in a tobacco factory. When we started one of our seasons in London this man approached the star artistes and offered to attend to their applause—exclusively, mind you. Well, he was engaged, and it was afterwards discovered that he was serving all the principal artistes 'exclusively.' That is to say, he was

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Lato Turkeys.

There is nothing like being persistent, which remark brings us to the statement that turkeys can be hatched out as long as their eggs are procurable. A late sitting of ours came off on October 25th last. The little birds are doing well, so far. The hen brooding them has a mixed clutch of chickens and turkeys. Her rearing-coop is placed inside of a sunny greenhouse, and there is a scratching-run for them, both inside and out, the latter being sheltered and enclosed with wire-netting. This brood gave us a remarkable bit of experience of the persistence of germination in the embryo, the eggs they came from having received a check of twenty-four hours when seven days gone in the process of in-

till you have to take a dear bargain or get nothing. All of which is good for trade, of course. But still, apart from that commentary, pigs are dear just now. We cannot put that down entirely to the late dry summer. There are fluctuations. Having a prospect of plenty of separated milk will induce some farmers to keep more young pigs for breeding sows. Taking a contract to supply new milk to dealers will keep down the breeding stock of pigs. There may have been a tendency towards butter making of late as a way out of the milk scare which so many dairy farmers have been experiencing. But then, contra to that inducement to keep more pigs, is the fact that many farmers, who have a regular supply of separated milk, instead of keeping more pigs, prefer to sell the skim milk. A farmer who does things very shrewdly assures us that it pays him better to sell his separated milk at 1½d. per gallon to poultry fatteners than to feed it to pigs. If we were making porkers we should prefer to have that milk.

Cider Apples.

If we are to go in for cider, and it should prove to become the paying game it promises, people should begin to plant cider apple-trees more freely. Almost every cider county has got its best sorts to-day. The fact that wants instilling into intending apple-growers is that every apple tree nursery firm in the west and south of England propagates for sale and prints a list of the most suitable sorts of cider apples for that county. Hedgerow planting, with a little culture, may be good enough for an average cider. The "best quality" grower will not be content at that, and there is a lot of difference between the prices. Eight pence per gallon may do for some, but the best ciders sold out readily at 1s. 3d. last August, and no keen grower will be content with less. Cider apple orchards come to a good profit in six or eight years.

Roses from Cuttings.

It is not too late yet to secure a few rooted cuttings by next spring if cuttings with a heel of the hard wood be inserted at once. We take very little trouble with rose-cuttings, and yet we seldom take one that fails to send out roots. We gather a bundle of half-a-dozen or so from each bush, and, without separating them, having when taking them placed the heels at the same end, we put the lot down five or six inches deep in a trench which is ready for them, and we simply tread them well in. The position for the site for this trench is unimportant so long as it be in good, deep, well-drained soil. Beginners must bear in mind that these cuttings may only form a callosity at the base during the winter. When lifting the bundles of cuttings next April to plant them out separately some may have already emitted roots. If so, all the better. But every cutting that has callosed will make a bush if it be carefully planted.

Pigs are Dear.

Wanting to buy a half-dozen stores in an open auction, we tried the experiment of bidding against well-known buyers a week or two ago. The lesson taught us two things—1, that the sender of live pigs to the auction mart should be there himself to put in a nod towards the end of the bidding for his lot, which means an enhanced price from the last bidder; and, 2, that the regular bidders and buyers will run you up, if you happen to be a stranger,



CHILDREN AT THE HUNT: The first meet of the season of the Old Berkeley Foxhounds at Chorley Wood.

Guarding Britain from Disease.

An article in the *Penny Magazine* tells us how incoming vessels are prevented from bringing disease into the country.

An instance in point was in 1892, when there broke out in Hamburg and other continental ports a dreadful visitation of cholera. At that time Dr. Collingridge was Chief Medical Officer of the Port of London. He made up his mind that, if it was humanly possible to prevent it, the disease should not enter this country. He went down to Gravesend, and for three terrible weeks he boarded every single ship that came from any one of the infected ports, and himself personally inspected every man, woman, and child aboard them. During these twenty-one days he got upon an average one hour's sleep out of twenty-four. The cholera did not enter England. But the man who saved his country was

drawing pay from four stars, each of whom was under the impression that he or she was buying the applause for himself or herself alone.

"A chef de claquo in Paris is a very important personage. The position is worth about one hundred francs per night, and this sum is found by the artistes themselves. The applause is regulated according to the standing of the performers. Thus a singer in receipt of, say, forty pounds a night receives more applause than one getting only three or four pounds. The members of the claquo, I may tell you, are situated in different parts of the house, and, in order that they may know when to applaud during a play or opera with which they are unacquainted, they are invited to a 'repetition generale' of the performance, at which the manager indicates the precise moments when audible expressions of approval will be expected from them."

cubation. At that date the eggs were taken from the nest one evening, were carefully packed in an old woollen stocking, and were next day removed to a fresh nest some miles away. They were kept warm, of course, and the brooding hen was placed upon them again the following evening. Every egg that was fertile hatched out successfully.

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The task set is to discover surnames hidden in a series of pictures. The first six pictures are given below. You may use this set to enter the competition (or you may use the set which appears in *Pearson's Weekly* published on November 2nd) under the conditions printed in this and succeeding numbers of *P. W.*

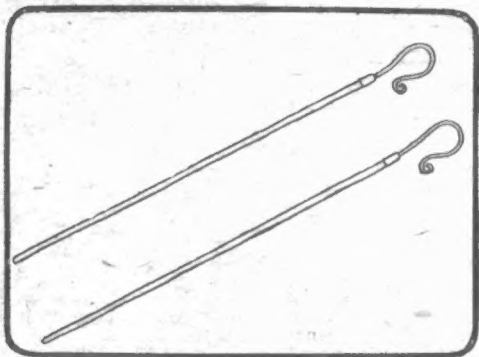
The second set appears in *Pearson's Weekly*. Now on Sale.

You must get a copy of that number in order to continue the competition. Order it at once.

All the names depicted in the pictures in this competition will be found printed in a list of surnames which is presented free with every copy of the *Novel Magazine* for November (price 4d.); or the list of surnames will be sent free on receipt of a stamped self-addressed wrapper sent to Room 7, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Don't send in this set now, keep it by you until all the other sets have appeared.

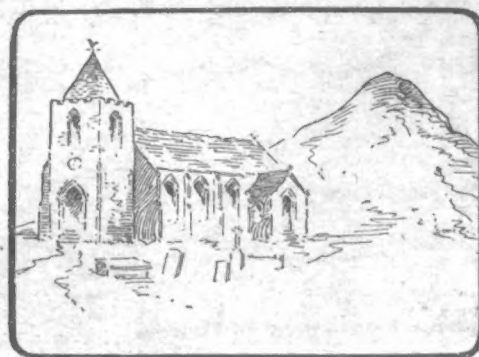
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1.....



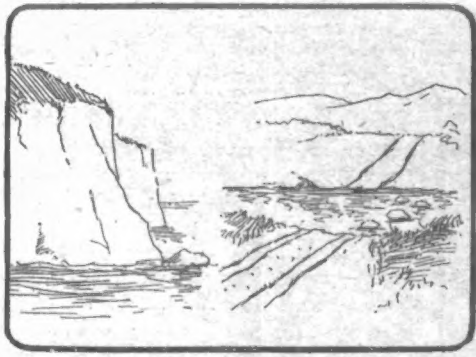
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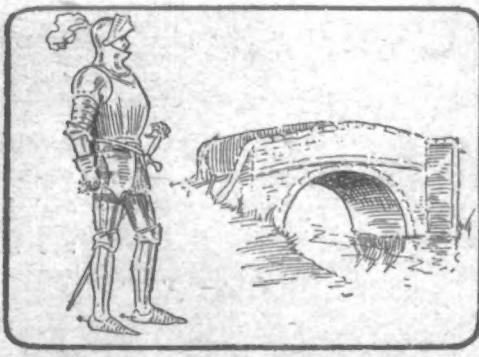
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6.....

Name

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GET "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

OUT TO-DAY.

THE GREAT PLOT. BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Continued.)

Death to the Spy.

"The only way by which the order of the Executive could be rescinded is the acknowledgment on the part of the Countess that she denounced you from motives of private vengeance," remarked the Professor thoughtfully.

"Ah!" cried Hutton. "She will never do that. You know her well enough."

"I agree," said the old man. "She will never withdraw, because she knows her success is assured. Nevertheless, I cannot at present see how we can assist you. The decree has been issued, and, as you are well aware, there is no appeal from it."

Both Sovinski and Lomonseff were hopeless. The first-named was now convinced that the young Englishman had fallen a victim to La Lubomirska, and he was anxious to render him a service. But how? Even the Professor, the ingenious Head-Centre of the Terrorists, could devise no plan.

At last, promising to return to them soon, Hubert shook hands with both men, and, bidding adieu to Treppoff, went out, walking westward along the Strand.

Sylvia—his Sylvia—was actually a member of that band of conspirators who terrorised Russia and were dreaded throughout all Europe! He could not believe it. The fact was absolutely staggering. And, moreover, that she of all women should be compelled to kill him!

When he had strolled with her in the Devonshire Park on the previous evening she had been her old self—gay, light-hearted, frank-faced, and full of a keen sense of humour. He recalled her demeanour, and was con-

vinced that it was not of a woman compelled to commit murder. Perhaps, however, it was as Sovinski had said, the fatal order had not then reached her.

Should he return to Eastbourne and see her? He must see her again, sooner or later, for he loved her, even though her hand should strike him down.

No! He would himself commit suicide rather than she should be branded as a murderess.

Where should he see her? He would be more private at his own rooms, if he could induce her to call there. He calculated that if he caught the train at two o'clock he could be at home by half-past four; therefore, he sent her a telegram asking her to call at his lodgings at five, as he wished to see her on a very important matter. Then he took a cab to Victoria and travelled south again, his mind full of ominous thoughts.

At five o'clock he was sitting in his room gazing idly across the broad Channel, bright and sparkling in the golden rays of the setting sun. Through the open window came the sound of many voices mingling with the strains of a band and the merry laughter of children, the conglomeration of mirth, which is inseparable from a seaside resort in summer. He sharply closed the window to shut it out. Usually he was fond of it, but that afternoon it jarred upon his nerves.

As he turned back to his chair the maid-of-all-work entered announcing that a lady had called.

He gave orders that she was to be shown in, and a moment later Sylvia, dressed in her white summer gown and black "picture" hat, entered his presence. In an instant he saw how changed she was. Her face was blanched, almost as white as the gown she wore, her eyes were dark and sunken, and the hand that she offered him trembled as he took it in his grasp.

"Sylvia," he said, in a deep voice when the servant had gone, "I trust

plainly that the stern, inexorable decree had reached her hand.

"You are not well, dear," he said, in a more kindly tone. "Has the heat upset you, or what?"

"I—I'm not very well," she faltered. "I think perhaps I ought not to have come out, only your telegram was so urgent."

"What I wish to speak to you about, dearest, admits of no delay," he said, taking both her trembling hands in his as they stood together in the centre of the room. In his action his arm accidentally brushed against the crimson rose she wore in her corsage, crushing it and causing the leaves to flutter to the ground, the emblem of a shattered love.

He was silent for a few minutes, and she, with her eyes fixed upon the carpet and her chest heaving and falling quickly, stood immovable, dreading what words he was about to utter.

"Sylvia," he said at last, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "we both have secrets from each other. Is it not time that we should both be frank and open?"

"Secrets!" she echoed in a voice quite unusual to her. "I love no one except you, Hubert." And with a sudden movement she flung both her arms about his neck, and, burying her face upon his shoulder, burst into wild tears.

"I know, dearest," he said, drawing her closer to him. "I know that you love me just as fervently and just as passionately as I love you. But our love has only brought us unhappiness—or, to be plain, tragedy."

She drew a long breath, and a shudder ran through her as he held her in his arms.

"Ah! Hubert," she cried, with wild despair, disengaging herself and throwing herself upon her

one day I overheard a remarkable conversation between them. My curiosity was aroused, and, on speaking to my uncle, he admitted that both he and Grace were Nihilists, and he suggested that I should become enrolled and learn the secrets of the greatest organisation in the world. The secrecy of the thing attracted me, and next day, in the presence of Grace, my uncle read

afterwards found we suspected were connected with the movement for the freedom of Russia. But both Grace and I held our own counsel. We dare not express any opinion."

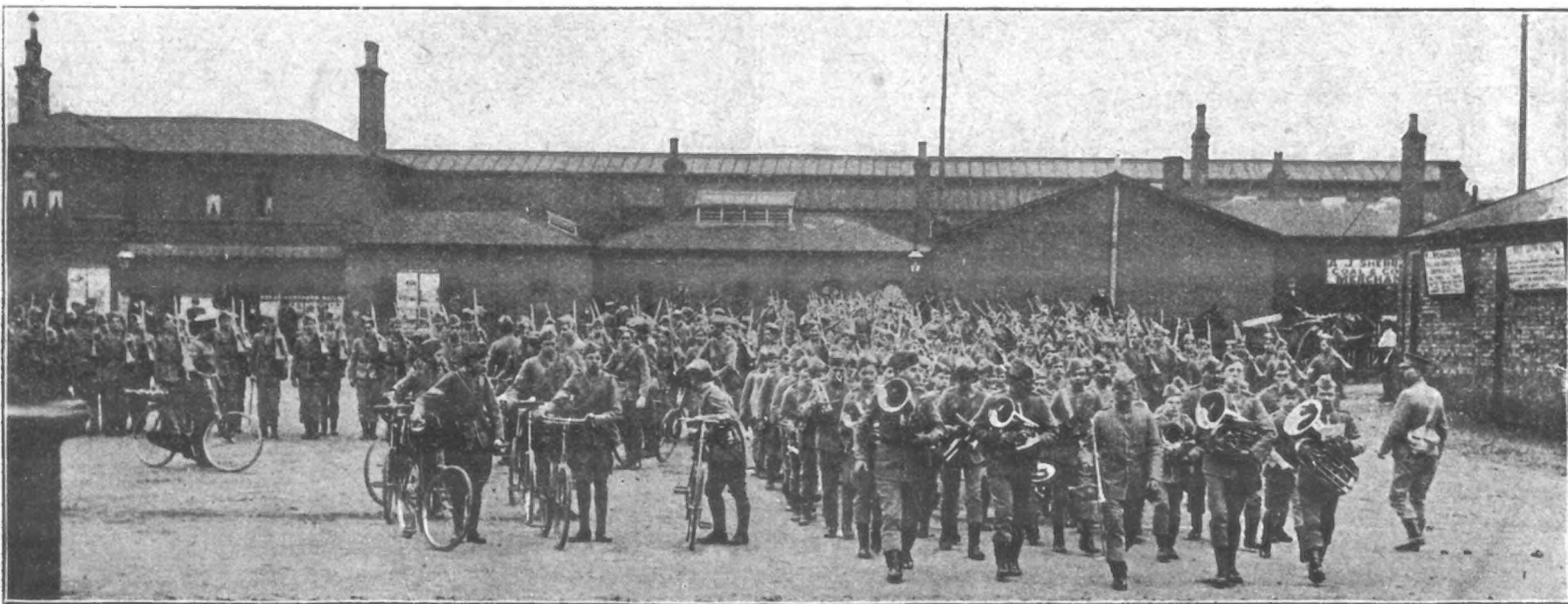
"And afterwards?" he said earnestly.

"Afterwards—nothing," she answered. "The death of Uncle Austen cooled any enthusiasm for the oppressed in Russia that we had ever



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

MANŒUVRES OF ETON AND HARROW CADETS AT HATFIELD PARK: Lady Salisbury talking to the commanding officer.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

MANŒUVRES OF ETON AND HARROW CADETS AT HATFIELD PARK: The boys leaving Hatfield Station en route for the Park.

vinced that it was not of a woman compelled to commit murder. Perhaps, however, it was as Sovinski had said, the fatal order had not then reached her.

Should he return to Eastbourne and

you will forgive me for asking you here, but I wish to speak with you alone."

She tried to look her lover in the face, but hung her head without uttering any response. He saw quite

knees before him. "Forgive me! I have deceived you, and am myself only fit to die. Forgive me!" and she grasped his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"You have not yet told me your secret," he said, in a low voice, bending over her.

"I cannot. My tongue refuses to explain my true position," she cried.

"Then, shall I tell you?" he asked. "Is it not a fact that you are a Nihilist?"

"Alas! it is too true," she faltered. "When I took the oath I never dreamed that it would lead to this."

"Tell me how, and under what circumstances, you became a revolutionist," he urged, assisting her to rise to her feet.

"It was owing to Grace Fairbairn," she said quickly, in a strange, half-frightened voice. "I was in ignorance, and was led into it without dreaming that I was joining a band of murderers and dynamitards. It appears that when Uncle Austen came to live with us he very quickly discovered that Grace, while living with her father in Riga, had joined the revolutionists. Hence he and Grace quickly became friends, for, like him, she knew Russia, and was an enthusiast in the cause of Russian freedom. For some months I remained in ignorance of all this, until

over the oath of secrecy. I took it solemnly, and my name was forwarded to St. Petersburg as that of a new member. After a week or so, however, I ceased to take any interest in it. Nihilism, in the novels I had read, seemed surrounded by a glamour of romance, but I found it a very matter-of-fact affair, and before long I let the subject drop. At length, however, my uncle died under circumstances of which you are aware, and before the return of my mother and the others I managed, with Grace's connivance, to secure several letters and papers which I found in a drawer in his writing-table. I know little about them, but, in securing them, believed that I should perhaps discover the secret of my uncle's life. Two of the papers are letters, and I have them with me."

She unbuttoned the corsage of her white gown and withdrew two or three folded papers, which she handed to him.

"Well?" he said. "Go on. I am all attention."

"There is little more to tell," she answered, in an ominous voice. "Grace, as a Nihilist, preserved my uncle's secret that he was so actively associated with the revolutionary movement in Russia. And I, a member, dare not utter a word. All those documents in cipher which were

held, and the tragedies that fell upon our house caused us both to forget the curious and rather romantic incidents of the past." And after a pause she added: "Then you, Hubert, came into my life, and I forgot everything. I lived only for love of you, and when you asked me to become your wife, it was the culmination of the ecstasy of an ardent passion."

Again she paused, and he saw that her fine clear eyes were filled with tears.

"Yes," he said, taking her hand and imprinting a fervent kiss upon her white brow. "Continue."

"No!" she cried, covering her face with her hands. "I can't tell you the rest. It is terrible—too terrible!"

"But I must know," he said slowly. "You must tell me sooner or later."

"Ah! yes. But not now," she implored. "I can't—I really can't!" A silence fell between them. He had his arm about her waist, and felt her trembling.

"Sylvia," he said at last, recognising how painful was the situa-

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyhairs increase. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles every where.—[ADVT.]



"Old friends are best."

BOVRIL

is an old friend that has stood the test of time.

tion to her as well as to himself—
"Sylvia, shall I tell you the truth
that I have already learned?"

She sighed deeply, but no word
passed her lips.

"Is it not a fact," he asked, "that
you are ordered by the Executive in
Petersburg to kill me as a spy and
a traitor?"

She burst into a torrent of tears,
utterly unable to control herself fur-
ther. Loving him with all her heart
and soul, she saw in her present
position the direst tragedy. She,
who loved him so dearly, was ordered
to strike him dead in secret—to stain
her hands with the life-blood of her
love. Ah! The tragedy of it all.
Was ever a death sentence more cruel
or more inhuman?

"It is the truth," she gasped
hoarsely. "This morning an unknown
man, whom I have seen many times
of late loitering on the promenade,
called upon me and handed me the
order, signed by three members of
the Nihilist Executive. It is here."
And again she placed her hand in
her breast and produced a folded
paper written in Russian, and bearing
on the back a translation in Eng-
lish. The document was a remark-
able one. The order read:

"That you shall remove in secret,
by any means that may appear best
for your own security against detec-
tion, your acquaintance, the English-
man named Hubert Hutton, who is
condemned as a spy and informer.
His death must be formally reported

to Monsieur Paul Bigatti, 64 Rue
Blanche, Paris, on or before Sep-
tember the 9th next. Failure will
mean death to yourself. Recollect
that every secret is strictly pre-
served, and that the whole power of
the organisation throughout Europe
is at the disposal of those who suc-
cessfully remove spies."

"And you are to kill me?" he
remarked, in the hard, strained voice
of a man who was utterly hopeless
of the future.

"Kill you!" she cried wildly—
"kill you, Hubert? Never. I would
rather die by my own hand than
harm you."

"But such a decree cannot be
disobeyed," he pointed out. "If you
refuse, then both of us will die

swiftly and secretly. The Nihilist
Executive will brook no refusal. No
death warrant issued by them has
ever been rescinded, and no spy has
ever escaped the death he deserves."

"You are not a spy, Hubert!" the
girl cried passionately. "I can't
believe it."

"No, dearest," he said. "I am
not a spy. I am merely the victim
of a strange combination of circum-
stances. I've been falsely denounced
by a person who is my enemy."

"And is there no escape?" she
asked. "Are not the Executive
aware of your innocence?"

"I am adjudged guilty until my
innocence is established," he said,
with a grim smile. "I fear, however,
that I shall never be able to con-

vince them of their error. My enemy
is too ingenious, and has already
taken all precaution against my de-
fence. No, dearest, you must accept
the decree."

"And kill you?"
"No," he answered firmly. "Rather
than you shall become a murderess, I
will commit suicide. And perhaps,
after all, the sooner I end my life
the better."

"But I love you, Hubert," she
burst forth, full of adulation. "I
can never love another man—never."

"Ah! you must," he said, in a low,
distinct tone. "You, Sylvia, have
life and love before you. I, alas!
am doomed to die."

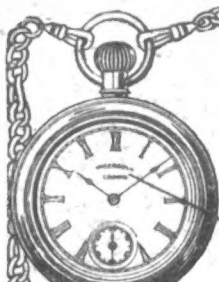
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